

BUT MEN ARE DIFFERENT

A Story of the Gentle Courtships of Rapid Transit.

HUMOROUS PICTURES FROM LIFE

The Thoughtfulness of Women and the Ready Helpfulness of Men as They Are Observed by Howard Fielding, Humorist and Philosopher.

Scene—Little train on the New York "L" road at Park place station. But this is not essential. Make it any car on any road at any station. Make it a Boston electric car which should be the last limit of refinement, but isn't. Or a Philadelphia cable car which ought to be full of a deep and holy peace, but in reality has as many sensitive toes, yes, as many people to step on them, as may be found elsewhere. It is all the same. People will walk over each other, and any transportation company that won't stand by and let them do it is too good for this world.

Time—No crowded hour. But this is not a fixed time of day. Its location on the dial depends upon the particular public nuisance which the officials of the road are trying to explain. How-



CONVERSATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

ever, to make it a little more definite we will stick to the "L" road, the Park place station and five o'clock in the afternoon.

Enter Tom, Dick and Harry by the R. U. E. of the second car.

Tom—I see three seats in the first row. (He dives under the arm of the conductor, who, in the act of ringing the bell, hits Tom twice on the back of the head, and knocks his hat off with the bell rope. Tom stoops for his hat. Dick and Harry fall over him. They pick themselves up and make a break for the seats, Tom in the lead.)

Woman (with girl baby in her arms and bundle on the floor)—Here! you've put your foot through my bundle!

Her Friend—You may thank goodness it wasn't the baby. What an awkward brute.

(Tom reaches the seats and dodges back and forth in front of them, preventing anybody from sitting down there till Dick and Harry arrive.)

Tom—Women in elevated cars don't seem to have any sense. Did you see that one with her big bundle out in the aisle?

Dick—Yes; I fell over her head as I came along. She was trying to pick up what was left of a dozen lamp chimneys after you'd stepped on them.

Harry (to Tom)—Did you hear her friend's polite reference to yourself?

Tom—It didn't surprise me any. I never expect courtesy from women on the road.

Harry—Courtesy? Well, I should say not. You won't get much courtesy from women anywhere. (Woman facing Harry sniffs disdainfully. Young woman to the left of Harry drops bundle. She stoops to pick it up and drops parcel. Gathers them both up hastily and drops a book. It hits on Harry's foot. He says "blazes" in a loud voice and looks menacingly at the young woman, who blushes.)

Harry—I'll tell you what's the matter with women—they haven't any self-command. They get rattled and do the most absurd things.

Dick—What they lack is the quick appreciation of the situation. For instance, you'll notice that when a woman is sitting between two vacant places in a car or ferry boat, and two people come in who appear to know each other, the woman never moves. But the man sees the right thing to do at a glance. He shifts to the right or left quickly, and there you are.

Harry—I've noticed it a hundred times. I got caught on it myself last Friday. I was taking a Brooklyn girl



I NEVER WAS THANKFUL BUT ONCE.

to the theater. Infernal nuisance, but I had to do it. She lives on the outskirts, somewhere between Fire Island and Queens town, I should say. By the length of time it takes to get there. But she's rather a bright girl, as girls go, and so long as I had to ride a thousand or so miles with her, I wanted the consolation of talking to her. Well, the only two seats in the car had a woman between them as usual. There she sat with her face like a loaf of bread, and didn't move. My girl dropped into one seat, and I into the other. Conversation languished. Then we tried to talk in front of the woman, but I couldn't stand it. Every time I said a really good thing the woman put on that tired expression, and it made me feel like a gibbering idiot. People in the car got to noticing it, and some of them grinned. I had to quit. Then I tried to talk round behind in a subdued tone of voice but she put her head back against the window frame and gently fell asleep. It was too much for me. I didn't say a word after that till we got to the bridge.

Tom—It has been my experience that men are almost uniformly courteous. For my part, I always give my seat to a woman if I think she needs it more than I do. Thanks? Well, I guess not. I never was thanked but once in my life, and then, when I tried to get up a direction with the girl she wanted

have it. The female soul is too small to hold the emotion of gratitude.

Harry—I've had the same luck, but still I always give my seat to a woman, even if she's old enough to be my mother. One must be a gentleman.

Dick—Yes; a fellow simply has to give up his seat to some woman. If he doesn't they just stand in front of him and fix their hard, cold eyes on him, and wait and wait for him. Just as a turkey buzzard sits on a dead limb watching a sick cow. Five minutes of that would kill me, and so I weaken. I'd rather give her my seat than beguile it to her.

(A woman with four bundles forces her way through the crowd and stands in front of them. They pretend not to see her. The woman sighs heavily. Tom, Dick and Harry rise simultaneously; then, each seeing that the others are getting up, they all sit down again promptly. The woman fixes her hard, cold eye on Dick, and he weakens. The car is now entirely full, nevertheless, twenty more people get aboard at Grand street. Various inter-continental convulsions occur in the mob. They tread on each others' toes. A pretty girl is pushed in front of Harry. He hastily gives up his seat. Harry and Dick stare at her. Tom nudges her with his elbow, but obtains no response. She stores her mind with useful information from the pages of "That Silly Young Girl" until Fifty-ninth street is reached, when she leaves the car. The woman on the other side of Tom also gets out.)

Young Man (to his best girl)—You take that seat and I'll take this one.

The Best Girl—Can't we get two together? (She prepares to sit down. Tom remembers her remarks about the ready courtesy of men, and hastily moves into the next seat. The best girl sits in his lap. She rises hastily. Tom, embarrassed, tries to slip back into his own place. A thin, elderly female has arrived there before him. He sits in her lap. She screams.)

The Best Girl—He did it on purpose.

Young Man—I'll put a head on you, young fellow. (He proceeds to do it.)

Elderly Female (punching Tom with her umbrella)—He ought to be put off. Conductor! Murder! Murder! Jukes! Jukes! What's all this row about?

Tom (clipping a quarter into the con-



THE CALM DIGNITY OF MAX.

ductor's hand)—He began it; put him off.

Young Man (giving conductor half a dollar)—He's drunk and disorderly!

Conductor Jukes (pocketing both coins)—Young fellows, keep quiet now, or dere'll be trouble, see? (To small boy) What yer laughing at? (Cuffs him.) Seventy-second street. Step lively, now! HOWARD FIELDING.

THE JOKER NUGGET.

Sensational Particulars of Its Discovery.

No man who was on the field at the time will forget the excitement that was aroused when the Joker nugget was found at Testulpa. No other has yet been obtained on Testulpa that can equal it in weight. It turned the scale at thirty ounces, and was bought by the government for the sum of one hundred and twenty pounds sterling. In size and shape it resembled a man's hand; it was thick at the wrist part and tapered off toward the fingers.

The claim had been a good one from the first, and the owner was one of the wealthy men of Testulpa. So on this day, reclining full length, leaning on one arm, the man searched for nuggets. He made a sweep with his knife to push back some of the gravel and his eye caught sight of the Joker. He at once covered it with his hand and sat up, rather wondering how he would secure the treasure without being seen. If the find became known every man in the field would tramp to the spot and invade his claim, and so prevent him working. A man in an adjoining claim looked up.

"Found anything?" he asked.

"No. Seen the color, that's all. Pitch my coat over to me, will you? It's lying near you there. I want a smoke."

"Here you are, mate! But what's the matter? You look pale. Don't you feel right?"

"I'm all right; only the sun is a bit hot."

He was struggling with an insane desire to laugh; but he got his coat over the nugget and seated himself on the top of it. Then laughter overpowered him and he became hysterical. Those about him wondered, but thought the sun had affected him. In a little while he gained his composure and decided to go to his tent. In lifting his coat he managed to take up the lump of gold, and no one knew that he had found it.

It was not until ten days had passed that the fact was noised abroad, and even then few knew the claim whence the Joker came.—Cassell's Pictorial Australia.

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Brief Sketches of Some of Our Popular Vocalists

WHO COMMAND ADMIRATION OF ALL

A Galaxy of Charming Young Ladies Whose Musical Gifts Attract the Rapt Attention of Those Who Feast Upon the Divinest of Divine Music.

Many of the residents of Grand Rapids are just awakening to the fact that this city is becoming quite a musical center. So much has been said in days gone by about the ruinous effect of the lake winds on the Michigan voice, that people are surprised to know that there are in our midst singers who are without peers in any city of the same size throughout the United States.

The demand for teachers of vocal culture has induced several instructors, who have been trained by the best talent of this country and of Europe, to settle here, so that now it is possible to get a very good musical education without leaving home. In the churches, in the concert halls, and at musicales are heard the sweet and powerful voices of "home-talent." Singing societies are starting up in different parts of the city, and are doing much towards educating the public taste for better music. Many Grand Rapids boys and girls have already won laurels for themselves at home and abroad, and besides there is a large class coming on whose abilities seem to warrant the prophecy that a brilliant future awaits them. Appended will be found the portraits of several young ladies whose voices have brought them into deserved prominence.



Miss Sadie Grady.

Miss Sadie Grady has a soprano voice of good range, which has proved of great service in the Cathedral choir where she has sung for some time. Besides singing so well, Miss Grady is also a musician, playing with skill the piano and the guitar, and she has just taken up the study of the harp. She is a hard student. Her unfailing good nature makes her a great favorite in society.



Miss Lena Bridgman.

Probably no child in Western Michigan is better known than Lena Bridgman, elocutionist, actress and singer. She sings even better than she recites, which is saying a great deal. Her voice is a high soprano, of exceedingly fine timbre, and wonderfully matured for one so young. She has sung to delighted audiences in Grand Rapids and in many other places. Although so prominent and popular, Miss Lena still retains a childish simplicity and ignorance of her own powers that is very charming.



Miss Jessie Mizner.

There is not a more sympathetic contralto voice in Grand Rapids than Miss Jessie Mizner's. Although powerful, it is very flexible, and she sings with great expression. Miss Mizner is also a good elocutionist, indeed, her versatility is something remarkable. She has ambitions for both the histrionic and the lyric stage, and with the advantages of an artistic temperament, she would undoubtedly succeed on either. She has a beautiful face, a charming disposition, and has made for herself hosts of friends. She is an earnest student, and has accomplished a great deal for one so young.



Miss Florence Ross.

Every High School boy and girl in the city is proud of Florence Ross and

her beautiful voice. It is a very high soprano, and although she has never taken a lesson in cultivation, she has almost phenomenal execution. She has sung before the Ladies' Literary Club, and at church entertainments ever since she was a child, and everybody predicts a great future for her. Miss Ross has a face and form as beautiful as her voice, and a dignity of manner that is simply wonderful in one so young. She is capable of being a leader, also. Whenever it happens that Prof. Shephard is not able to give the singing lesson in the High School, she takes his place and conducts the exercises in a way that delights all who see her.



Miss Belle Chamberlain.

Professor Campbell says that Miss Belle Chamberlain has a career before her if she will continue to cultivate her beautiful mezzo-soprano voice. Already she has a range comprising the two octaves between a flat and a flat. She shows remarkable aptitude for study, and sings with great intelligence. Miss Chamberlain is one of the belles of Grand Rapids, no exclusive society event being complete without her presence. In a tableau, or a court dance, she can not be excelled as all who have seen her behind the footlights will agree. Her intense delight in music will stand her in good stead, and those who know, predict that she will make a great name for herself. She is about to leave for Chicago to study with the leading vocal teachers of that city.



Miss Clara Goodman.

Miss Clara Goodman, the soprano singer of Westminster choir, is almost a stranger to Grand Rapids, having been here only a little over a year. But in that year she has won many staunch friends and admirers. Before coming here she studied in Cleveland. Her voice is one of great promise, ranging from G below middle C to high C. She sings operatic and sacred music with equal finish, but she much prefers the latter. She is the kind who works, and she will probably make music her profession.



Miss Bessie Walker.

One of the best pianists, one of the most charming singers, and one of the very sweetest girls in Grand Rapids, is Miss Bessie Walker. No amount of praise has the slightest effect on her, her simple, unaffected manner being one of her greatest charms. While much more advanced in piano culture than in voice, she promises to make just as much of a success as a singer as she has already done as a pianist. Her voice is a soprano, not of great range, but sweet, and she sings with a great deal of style.

GOOD SLEEPERS. Indifference of the Turks to Nocturnal Disturbances.

The author of "Victoria Before the War" says the Turks devote to sleep any spare half-hour that may happen to be at their disposal. At night, he says, all his companions would be in the land of dreams within ten minutes, while he lay wide awake and envious.

It has often struck me with astonishment to see the little respect anyone in Turkey pays to sleep. When I have been staying in the villages I have often heard a member of the family get up, and after searching about among his sleeping companions, arouse them all to ask where his tobacco was, or upon some equally slight excuse.

A lad of eighteen would thus wake up his father, a man of sixty, perhaps two or three times in the night, and yet there would never be an angry word of remonstrance; and when I have snapped savagely at some one for walking into my room and over my body in the middle of the night my snappishness has caused the greatest astonishment.

Many times I have turned in with natives in the same room with me, and though I was generally tired and my companions not, yet I think I may say I was invariably the last to close my eyes.

A FRIDAY BAGEL.

When the English Fishmonger Begins to Roast Longways Lovers Take a Day Off.

There is considerable slang and good-natured chaffing among the buyers and sellers in the London Billingsgate, but one is not overwhelmed by that torrent of foul language he has been taught to expect from his associations with the work. The best time to visit the mar-

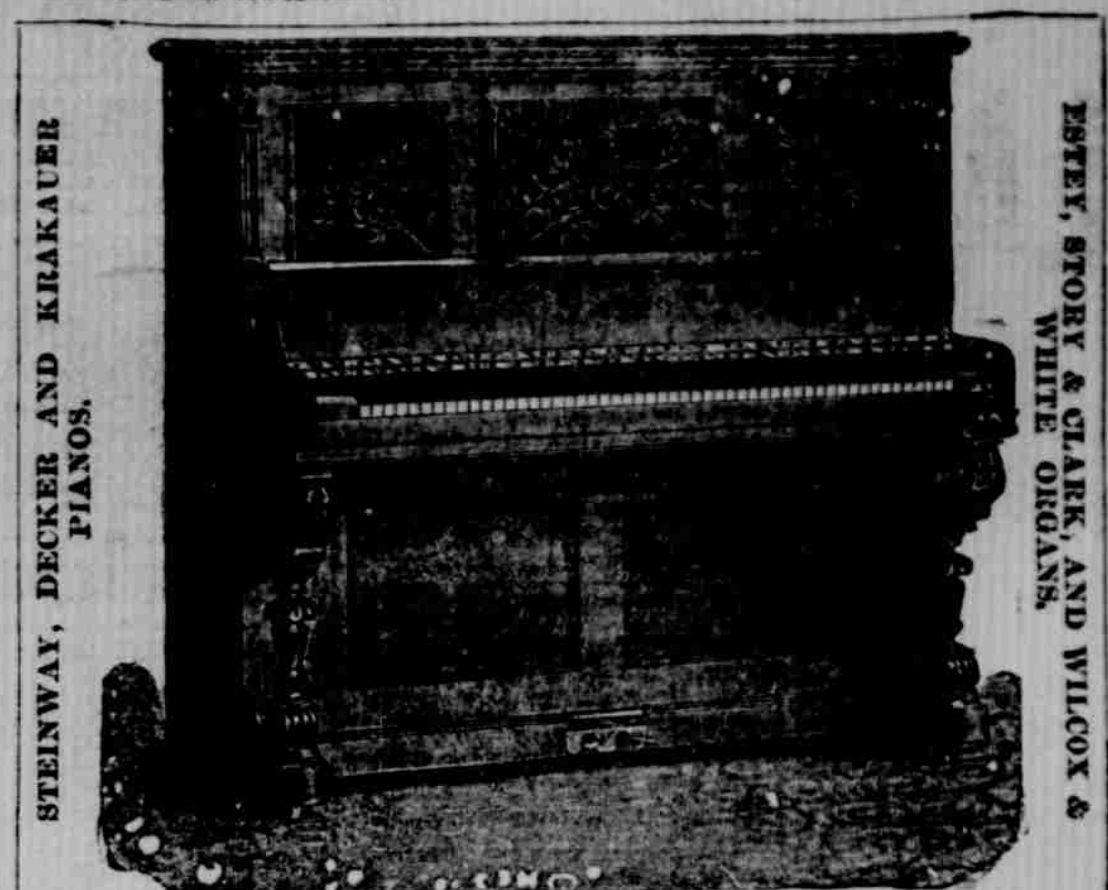
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ket is on Friday morning. The wooden, barn-looking square where the fish is sold is crowded soon after six o'clock with shiny cord jackets and greasy caps.

Everybody comes to Billingsgate in his worst clothes, and nobody knows the length of time a coat can be worn until he has been to a fish sale. Over the hum of voices are heard the shouts of salesmen, who, with white aprons, peering above the heads of the mob, stand on the tables roaring out their prices. All are bawling together—salesmen and hucksters of provisions, hardware and newspapers—till the place becomes a perfect Babel of competition.

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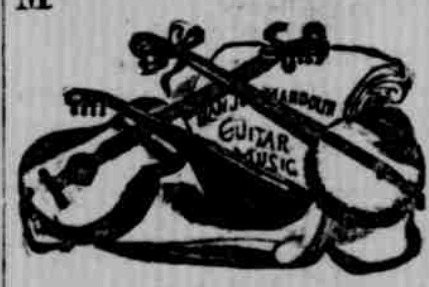
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